Feelings of England (only published on archive.org)

Written and published by Linden Alexander Pentecost. Published in the UK. Published under the Creative Commons license but with commercial use and remixing prohibited without my permission. Published on the 4th of November 2025 and only on archive.org. I have published much, much else elsewhere in many publications in several places. No AI was used in this nor in any of my publications. This article is unrelated to each of my other publications, including where I have discussed other aspects of the topics discussed in this article, e.g. in a recent-ish PDF-only book that includes Coniston Slate Mines, and e.g. in my unrelated Kindle-only book where I discuss other aspects to Hardknott Pass and the mysteries of Latin, titled:
More magical places in Cumbria, including Hardknott Roman fort, and related discussion on languages including Latin and others (short Kindle-only book) by Linden Alexander Pentecost | 27 Jan 2025
Many of the topics in this article which are mentioned here (in the article in front of you) are covered in more detail in other ways in other publications by me (in the article in front of you I remain very vague about much), but the article in front of you also contains unique information and topics of course not in other publications.

It is difficult to define my own love for England, especially Northern England. Perhaps it's impossible to define. Today my neighbour said to me, as we discussed working outdoors in November: "we are northerners… this is what the weather is like up north in winter. Are we Vikings… or Celts?" I guess the answer is neither. Normally, when I write, I try to define and explain things, including this subject. But to really get in touch with something more spiritual, I have to drop definitions in this article. The spirit speaks a different language, and historically, England is hard to define. Is it Saxon, Norse, Celtic, pre-Celtic? I don't know. Its history seems to speak in whispers.

For me, the Lake District and Cumbria is a meaningful place. I have been in touch with its languages and ancient history, but that doesn't define what I love about it. What I do love the most, is the way I have felt at certain times. Something itself impossible to define.

I remember going to Hardknott Roman Fort when I was 18, on my birthday in February. The landscape was fresh, and my consciousness felt fresh, undefined. The mountains were magical, the River Esk glistened with silver light. The Roman (or earlier) fort at Hardknott stood peacefully, nestled between the mountaintop and the valley below. The sound of the water was a constant, gentle rawness in the background. So quiet, yet happy, as though at one time, men smiled here, watched the same view, and that I felt something of the romance and awe that they must have felt.

I remember seeing a small hairy caterpillar upon a wall at Hardknott. I whisted and sung to it, talked to it. It responded to the sound and moved differently. Some walkers behind me, who I didn't see, probably thought that there was something wrong with me. But for me - what would life be, if I only loved the human and only found meaning in the human? I love to believe, and feel I truly know, that meaning, wisdom and love, exist beyond the human. I find love and meaning in the smallest of creatures. And I, like them, am small. The incomprehensible expanses of space and time, seem to stretch and bend away from me, yet their enormity, their life, also flows into me, sustains me. It is why I exist.

I found romance in Cumbria in small things. Certain shapes of clouds, the way I unknowingly found myself feeling loved and at peace when I walked and spent time in certain places. There were certain things about the autumn and winter which I felt. Summer is a beautiful time, but feels often in England unmemorable. Lots of tourists, lots going on - technically. But memory seems only partly formed. I have felt depressed a fair few times in summer, sat outside, enjoyed the warmth - and there is an extreme beauty in long days, long sunsets and golden light. But, one can almost find themselves lost within it. Monotonal. The leaves of trees conceal and often make textures and shapes with little contrast.

Autumn in comparison is more memorable, for good and bad reasons. This is when time seems to shift, when Cumbria becomes more memorable. The streets of villages are not overcrowded, everything is in movement and transition. And the winter - when it really snows, is magical. There is a magic in the cloaking of snow, the way it cloaks the sky and absorbs sound. There is something comforting in the magic it brings, something exciting.
These are the impressions of Cumbria that I hold closest to my heart. These - and the mental and spiritual, and physical contact I have experienced with the ancients.

Their reality can be seen, to some extent. The shapes of certain rock formations and arrangements of stones, that speak to a deeper part of the mind. An energy that seems thin, partially formed, a roaring thunder that is there if we stay still and listen. Be careful of this, if the vibe feels ”off”, then one should leave immediately. Impressions of spirits looking down from misty heights, this is the Cumbria I hold close in my heart, the Cumbria that many might feel, which is always close.

I don’t know who they were exactly. I have speculated and I believe found out things. But the ancient people of Cumbria, and how their languages might have aligned to Cumbrian dialect, Norse, Brythonic and Goidelic (Irish), is still a mystery. The rational mind tries to put these things into easily digestible categories. Some say that Cumbria is Celtic, that the “Cumbric” or what I now call “extra-Brittonic” language elements definitely come from something similar to Old Welsh. I do not believe this, anymore. Some say Cumbria is Viking. But this is not true either. The crossovers with Norse culture, they are more complex, and Cumbria’s precise relationship to the Norse world is also a mystery. Cumbria can’t be accurately branded as Celtic or Viking. I stand by this statement. There is more at work here, that requires our listening and attention, and not our assumption. And the trouble is that so few, academics especially, believe or take seriously the possibility that these things might come to light if we believed in, and acknowledged that these ancestral spirits are still there in some way. This does not comply with academic understanding as a whole in its accepted versions.

Coniston is a place I really love. The mountain mainly, namely the Coniston Old Man, and also the surrounding landscapes. This mountain comforts me. Sometimes it is hidden by a wall of mist, especially in autumn, separating the upland from more lowland landscapes. In northern Lancashire dialect “man” is a pile of stones, likely related to Welsh *maen* - “stone”. Although I feel that the name also implies a kind of mountain deity or guardian. I also really like Borrowdale and Honister Pass, Honister Pass especially I think. In the snow, it is magnificent, one of the most dramatic places in Cumbria I think. The mountains on either side of the pass are full of slate mine workings, with the Honister Slate Mines on the southern side and the Yew Crag slate mines on the northern side. The site is private, the Honister mines are still used, many abandoned parts are unstable. The Yew Crag mines are dangerously unstable. I walked up one of the mountains here in winter once, and my hair froze in place. It was wild. I got down safe.

As I have described elsewhere, I like to believe that perhaps we misunderstood who the Romans were. I even know a Finnish-speaking guy who believes that many Latin words can actually be derived from Finnish. I have not yet looked into this, but the concept pretty well-aligns to my own beliefs and other research into Finnish and other etymologies.

Imagine if the Roman and Latin-centred civilisations that we all know, are more like a later reformation and interpretation of something much earlier and more magical, something more truly spiritual, something of honour and truth and not of coliseums, war and religious control. Somehow, I feel this is so.